

Morgan's Men Under Duke.

By GEORGE DALLAS MOSGROVE.

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Gen. Basil W. Duke, continuing the account of the operations of his command, says:

"That afternoon Col. Palmer arrived from Asheville, N. C., with 400 or 500 infantry. Gen. Breckinridge decided to make no further attack upon the position, but, instead, to march through Taylor's Gap, three miles to the west, and meet the rear of the Federals, upon their line of retreat and communication with Knoxville. We began the movement about 10 o'clock, leaving Taylor's Gap, who had returned, being in advance. Palmer's infantry, the dismounted men and the artillery were in the rear.

"As we passed through Taylor's Gap information was received that the enemy, commanded by Gen. Gillen, were evacuating Bull's Gap, and that an opportunity would be afforded us to take them in flank. Gen. Breckinridge at once ordered Vaughn to post a strong detachment at Russellville, in front of Gillen's retreating column, and to attack with his whole command immediately upon the detachment becoming engaged. I was ordered to turn to the left before reaching Russellville, go around the place and cut the enemy off upon the main road, a mile or two below, or, failing to do this, take them in flank.

"The enemy broke through the detachment stationed in his front, but was immediately attacked by Vaughn. 'Fight, you!' yelled a Federal officer to his retreating men, as the firing commenced. 'It's only a scout.' 'No, I'll be damned,' shouted one of Vaughn's men; 'we're all here!'

"The greater part of Gen. Gillen's column and his artillery escaped before we could intercept a sufficient force to stop them, but one regiment was cut off and driven away to the right. Moving very rapidly, my brigade managed to strike the main body again at Check's Crossroads, about two miles from the town, and drove another slice from the road and into the fields and woods. While our column was scattered and prolonged by the rapid chase we came suddenly upon the enemy halted in the edge of a wood, and were received with a smart fire, which checked us.

"TRAGIC DEATH OF CAPT. GUS McKEE. "My advance-guard was commanded by Capt. Gus McKee, one of the best and most dashing officers in the brigade. He was one of the six Captains that escaped from the Ohio prison with Gen. Morgan. When we encountered the enemy halted in the wood, McKee charged in among them. Followed by a few men, he leaped the fence behind which the enemy were posted and was shot from his horse. He surrendered, and when he gave his name a man, for some reason, shot and snatched him. He lived a short time in great agony. One of his men, Sergt. Sam Curd, saved himself by slipping into the Federal line, and, in the darkness, escaped unnoticed. Some 20 minutes afterward the man who had killed McKee was captured, and, recognizing his voice, asked if he were not the man. He at once sprang upon Curd and tried to disarm him. The latter broke loose from his grasp and killed him.

"GILLEN ROUTED. "When we moved on, kept the road, and I marched upon the left flank, endeavoring to gain the enemy's rear and intercept his retreat. Col. Napier, who kept in the advance with a detachment, succeeded in this object.

"Three or four miles from Morristown the Federals halted, and, for half an hour, offered resistance. We, who were moving to take them in flank and rear, then saw a beautiful sight. The night was clear, and the moon shone at its full, shedding a brilliant light. The dark lines of troops could be seen almost as clearly as by day. Their positions were more distinctly marked, however, by the flashes from the rifles, coming thick and fast, making them look, as they moved along, bending and oscillating, like rolling waves of flame, throwing off great sparks. I moved my brigade far enough to the left, and then took a position obliquely toward the enemy's rear. I suddenly opened fire upon them. The Federal line recoiled, and, shot from both flanks toward the road, in one dense mass, which looked before the fighting ceased and the rout fairly commenced like a huge Catherine wheel spinning streams of fire.

"From this point the enemy retreated rapidly and in confusion, closely pursued by Vaughn's foremost battalions. At Morristown a regiment, just arrived upon the scene, and a piece of artillery, checked the pursuit for a short time, and enabled the enemy to reform. However, they were again driven, and making another and last stand a short distance beyond the town, abandoned all further resistance, then fled to stop us. From our standpoint the rout and disintegration of Gen. Gillen's command appeared to be complete.

"More than 100 wagons and ambulances, the wagons loaded with baggage, supplies of artillery, with caissons and horses, and many prisoners were captured. In fact, the spoils were strewn so thickly along the road that the pursuit was greatly retarded. Maj. Day, of Vaughn's Brigade, followed, however, beyond New Market, more than 25 miles from the point where the affair commenced. The rest of his routed vanguard had fairly broken.

"On the next day we moved to New Market, and, when all the troops had come up, proceeded to Strawberry Plains, seven miles beyond. Here the enemy, in strong fortifications, were prepared to contest our further advance. There we remained three or four days.

"During the day a lively interchange of compliments was kept up in the village, shelling and sharpshooting. Our entire strength was our pocket line at night. The Holston River, deep and swollen, was between us, the enemy holding the bridge. Neither combatant essayed to attack the other."

"Sometimes there are compensations in war. Only a short time before Gillen came to grief he had attacked and routed Vaughn at Russellville, on the identical ground where he had been, in turn, disastrously defeated. Gillen had captured about a hundred pieces of artillery from Vaughn as the latter and Duke had taken from him. In fact, the disaster suffered by Vaughn had inspired Gen. Breckinridge to make the movement back from old Virginia to the hills of Tennessee. It is at present Vaughn was in high feather, but Gillen had another "inning" later on. Morgan's men, remembering Greenville, were greatly elated at Gillen's discomfiture.

"Having interpreted the foregoing reflective paragraph, I shall permit Gen. Duke to resume his story."

FALLING BACK.

"Gen. Breckinridge was called away to Wytheville by rumors of an advance of a Federal force in another quarter, and we fell back to New Market and shortly afterward to Mossy Creek, 11 miles from Strawberry Plains. Some 10 days after our withdrawal from the latter place reports reached us that a large force was being collected at Bean's Station, upon the north side of the Holston. These reports were confirmed, and we withdrew to Russellville, and subsequently to Greenville. To have remained further down would have exposed the rest of the Department entirely. Having the short route to Bristol, the enemy could have outflanked and outmarched us, and getting first to the important points of the De-

partment, which they would have found unguarded, they could have captured and destroyed all that was worth protecting without opposition. Gen. Vaughn took position at Greenville, and my brigade, under command of Col. Richard Morgan, was stationed at Russellville.

DISASTER TO COL. MORGAN.

"Five or six days after these dispositions were made the enemy advanced upon Rogersville, in heavy force, drove Col. Morgan away and followed him closely. Without loss, although constantly striking him, he retreated to Kingsport, 25 miles from Rogersville, crossed Clinch River at nightfall, and prepared to dispute the passage of the enemy. He believed that he could do so successfully, but the country was new to him, and his

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CONGRESS.

The Ship Subsidy Bill Passes the Senate with Three Republican Senators Against It—The Postoffice Appropriation Bill Through the House—A Dull Week.

The proceedings of Congress last week were very dull. The Senate continued the discussion of the Ship Subsidy Bill, and after the stormy proceedings which characterized the previous month the discussion was exceedingly tame. Senator Tillman did not break out even once, and, in fact, the Senate Chamber was fairly bursting with virtuous courtesy and the traditional observance of the repressive dignity which marks the proceedings of that body.

On Tuesday the House of Representatives took up the Postoffice Appropriation Bill, and an effort was made to put a rider upon the bill providing that farmers along routes of the rural free delivery carriers might provide their own boxes, instead of one of those approved by the Department, but it went out on point of order.

Mr. Burleson, of Texas, made a flurry by an attack upon the Secretary of State for refusing a passport to Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, to carry relief to the Boer concentration camps in South Africa, but Mr. Hitt, of Illinois, put a quietus upon

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GAME FIGHT OF A MALLARD.

Battle in the Air Between a Duck and a Hunter Hawk.
(New York Sun.)

The strength in the air of a full-grown mallard is considerable. Howard Crutcher, a surgeon of Chicago, tells of a battle royal between earth and sky which he saw in Louisiana.

Swamp Lake is a body of water not more than a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, which lies in the eastern part of Rossier Parish. There is a dark hawk in that country which the negroes call an eagle. It is not so large as the bald eagle by one-fourth, but it is just as savage and is strong.

Perched on top of a cypress 100 feet above the lake was a pair of these hawks. It was nearly noon and the ducks were hidden in the flags and water-growth. The hawk was hungry.

On the lake in a flat-bottomed, blunt-ended punt was Crutcher. A negro boy, born right, stood in the stern and forced the punt slowly with a pole.

A mallard drake, every jeweled feather gleaming in the sun, floated 20 yards in front, going upward and forward fast. Crutcher underdrew it with the right barrel, further underdrew it with the left and swore loudly.

The hawk leaped in air and with no regard to the men in the boat plunged with the velocity of a comet. It struck the mallard back of the wings and nailed it to the water. The hawk then struck the mallard back of the wings and nailed it to the water. The hawk then struck the mallard back of the wings and nailed it to the water.

The drake squawked dimly, and still desperately struggling upward, the pair rose 50 feet, their wings beating the air violently. Then the mallard bore downward, its weight aiding.

Despite its utmost resistance the hawk was carried with it and the two were not more than a yard above the water. At this time they were 100 yards from the boat.

Then the hawk by mighty efforts lifted its prey some 10 yards up and the two began to travel in small circles, neither rising nor falling. The duck uttered a cry now and again; the hawk was silent.

It did not attempt to use its beak. Once it had the hawk in its talons it struck, but was buffeted by the mallard's wings and did not repeat the attempt.

The pair so battled for a space of five minutes, with neither gaining an advantage. It was evident that the hold of the talons was only through the skin of the back, and that the duck was not disabled.

Gradually the superior wing-spread and strength of the hawk told. The couple, locked in the embrace of death, began to go upward. Progress was not rapid, but sure.

The hawk was carrying the four pounds' weight of the duck and fighting against its desire to regain the water, but it was competent to the work. When the combatants were 75 yards high Crutcher, who had been alternately cheering and cursing at the agony of his slowness, was directly under them. He shot, but did no damage.

When an altitude of approximately 100 yards had been reached the mallard's struggles ceased. Its head hung down, and there was only an occasional flutter of its wings. Possibly the hawk had managed to drive its bill home.

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CHAT OF THE CORRIDORS.

Some time ago the Naval Board on Awards decided that the engagement in which the United States steamer Yosemite took part in June, 1898, was not big enough in its eyes to warrant the bestowal of West Indian campaign medals upon the surviving members of the crew. A larger part of the Yosemite's complement during the war with Spain was made of naval militia men of Detroit, Mich., and an appeal was made from that quarter to the President against the Board's decision.

The matter was referred back to the Board, and it reported to Secretary Long that after a careful reconsideration of facts, it still holds that, while the conduct of the crew is shown to have been commendable,